

# The Inquirer.

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ON Monday, Sir Edward Grey gave an emphatic denial to the rumours of an intended isolation of Germany from European sympathy and support. It was true that better understandings had been arrived at by us with France and Russia, Germany's most powerful neighbours, but these had no other object than to remove causes of friction between the Governments concerned. Earl Percy, from the Opposition side of the House, supported Sir Edward's statement of goodwill to Germany, and deprecated the suspicions now rife. On Tuesday, at the public meeting of the Peace Congress at Queen's Hall, Mr. Lloyd George gave himself specially to the task of allaying mutual fears between this country and Germany; such apprehensions had existed with regard to France, and yet we had found a way to the *entente cordiale*. Why should not Germany be "roped in" to the circle of friendship? We should like to believe that these declarations, by men of the highest responsibility, will pave the way towards the honourable understanding which is much to be desired.

SINGULARLY enough, at the moment when these pacific overtures are made, there arises fresh cause for German chagrin in the "bloodless revolution" which has just taken place in Turkey. The Sultan, under pressure of a widespread popular movement, amounting almost to insurrection, has conceded Parliamentary rights

to his people. The charge involves the fall of officials said to favour the German ascendancy which has of late been so remarkable a feature in the near East, and the elevation of men who have special reasons for warm attachment to the British. Against this change of *personnel*, which otherwise we cannot pretend to regret, we must set the statement of Sir Edward Grey that our interests in Macedonia and Turkey generally are simply those of an orderly and peaceful development of the native populations. If our Continental neighbours could but believe that of us, and we could believe it of them, how much alarm and jealousy would be avoided!

AN illustration of the evils resulting from the present attitude of Great Britain and Germany towards each other was brought home to us this week by the remarks of a Danish member of our household of faith now visiting this country. In reply to an inquiry as to the progress of life and thought in Denmark, our friend said the one dominant feeling there was the dread of "the coming war." The national finances are being strained to provide defence works, and the public mind is too agitated to allow of the thoughtful consideration of the problems of social life which await solution in all lands.

LONDON'S demonstration in support of the Licensing Bill last Saturday was an impressive one, the procession being about three miles long, and the meeting in Hyde Park being as huge and as unanimous as the most ardent reformer could wish. Of course, the arguments for the Bill contained little or nothing new, but reiteration has its uses, and the speeches of some fifty members of Parliament doubtless added to that better knowledge of the details of the law proposed which even some temperance people require. Mr. Winston Churchill plainly intimated that if the Bill is rejected by the Lords next year's Budget will impose the high licence system. We should prefer getting the Bill passed.

THE Co-Partnership Tenant's Housing Council has held its fourth annual meeting. Mr. Henry Vivian, M.P., the originator of this excellent movement, gave a highly encouraging report. In two years the Council has nearly trebled its property. During the past year five new societies were registered—at Rubery, Brighton, Harborne, King's Norton, and the New Forest. Mr. Vivian presented to Sir John Brunner, M.P., the retiring President of the Council, a handsome volume of views

of the various garden cities. Sir John Brunner, in replying, introduced his successor, Mr. John S. Nettlefold, the incoming president, eulogising his splendid work in connection with the housing of the people. "Our movement," said Sir John, "is steadily gaining new friends, and it is gaining them not only among the enthusiastic and the cranks, but among hard-headed men." The "Hampstead Tenants," on which property the meeting was held, is making excellent progress. Every tenant in these co-partnership enterprises is a shareholder, that is, he is a part-owner of the whole estate—not sole owner of his particular dwelling—an arrangement which not only contributes to the nobility of labour, but promotes a sense of social responsibility.

THE history of the Rev. John Layhe, the "Unitarian clergyman" whose name our reviewer last week could not verify when noticing Mr. McCabe's "Life of George Jacob Holyoake," has evidently not escaped a considerable number of readers, judging by the letters sent on the subject. The Rev. S. A. Steinthal tells us that Mr. Layhe was minister of the Domestic Mission in Manchester from May, 1841, to June, 1855. The *Christian Reformer* for the latter year gives a full account of this much-respected worker among the poor, whose funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. William Gaskell. We believe that so impressed was Mr. Gaskell by his character and work that he wrote on this occasion the beautiful hymn—"Calmly, calmly lay him down."

ACCORDING to the Rev. W. Wakinshaw, the Wesleyan Conference at York, as far as the "Representative" session is concerned, was the best Methodist Parliament that has sat for many years. There was no irritating and distracting subject such as in one or two recent years had soured and disheartened the whole Connexion. On the other hand, both in the words and deeds of the representatives, there was a conspicuous devotion to high and noble ideals. A good thing was said by the ex-President of Conference in presenting Wesley's Bible to his successor, the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A. "You know it is called the Field Bible because it was published and printed by Field. And you will find that John Wesley records a list of the printer's errors in this Bible, and he says 'by these marks a genuine Field Bible is known.' There are some of us who, like that Bible, are usually recognised by our mistakes." The next Wesleyan Conference is to be held at Lincoln.



## NOTES ON THE PEACE CONGRESS.

MORE than twenty nations contributed delegates to the Seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, which met in London this week. Of course, the British representatives were most numerous, but the Franco-British Exhibition doubtless helped to swell the number of French-speaking members of the Congress, who were much in evidence. Other Continental nations were also well represented; the United States sent a good contingent, and India and Japan had their delegates, too, conspicuous if not numerous. Our own religious community has always been interested in Peace, and it is not surprising, therefore that among the audiences were the familiar faces of many friends. Our National Conference was represented by the Rev. F. H. Jones, and the British and Foreign Association by the Rev. W. G. Tarrant. Sir J. T. Brunner and Sir W. B. Bowring were among those who waited upon the King to present an address. Dr. Estlin Carpenter spoke at the preliminary "Christian Conference" on Monday. We may add that the Rev. H. S. Perris has been Secretary to the Congress, and that other members of our churches have rendered most useful assistance in the numerous meetings.

Owing to his son's illness, the Bishop of Hereford was not present at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, as had been hoped. His place was taken by the Bishop of Carlisle, who also, and perhaps with more effect, spoke at the morning sitting of the Conference on Monday. In the afternoon of that day Dr. Horton, in the course of a very thoughtful address, declared himself on the side of those who maintain the doctrine of non-resistance for nations as well as for individuals. Dr. Carpenter, who followed, said it appeared to him that force had its due place in human arrangements; it was not wholly to be dispensed with in the family, or in the civic community, and he did not see how the nation could dispense with it. But this element, like all else, could be, and should be, moralised. He believed that immense progress had already been made in curbing its violent application, and he looked forward to such an organisation of civilised nations as would only require a commonly supported police force, in place of the huge and menacing armaments now existing.

Lord Courtney, on being called to the president's chair on Tuesday morning, gave a characteristically straightforward, fearless, and reasonable speech. He maintained that without justice there could be no peace; and, while deeply respecting those who thought injustice should be met simply by passive resistance, he thought that as in the past so in the future, man would feel imperatively called at times to struggle against oppression and wrong. But the surest safeguard of justice was law, and the efforts of the peace party should be directed more and more towards the establishment of international tribunals and the creation of that sense of friendship among nations which would lead to fair and equal dealings between them. He specially begged his hearers to beware of giving unintentional offence owing to a defective understanding of the peculiar

susceptibilities of their neighbours in other lands. Most deplorable were those utterances, in the press and elsewhere, that wilfully, or at least recklessly, gave offence and pain to other nations. In the evening of the same day Lord Courtney, at Queen's Hall, returned to his theme, and by a survey of the changing relationships that had existed between England and France in the nineteenth century showed how foolish and short-sighted were those who from time to time seized upon the notion of a "natural" enmity between ourselves and some other nation, and who bade us prepare for "the inevitable war." Last century war was frequently "inevitable," according to the prophets, with France, but it had not yet come, and we were even once more rejoicing in the *entente cordiale*!

Mr. Lloyd George, who had to speak amid repeated interruptions by militant "Suffragettes," emphasised the folly of commercial nations, such as Germany and Britain, quarrelling with their customers; the sterility of invention that marked the scaremongers, who repeated the same silly inventions about one power now and another later; and the monstrous waste of means, amounting to 400 millions a year, expended by the Great Powers upon armaments, which were not a safeguard but a danger to the peace of Europe. As Chancellor he would rather spend money for the reduction of suffering than for its production; and, after courageously asking his countrymen to place themselves for a moment in the position of Germany, and consider whether her alarm had nothing to warrant it, he pleaded for a bond of amity which would include her with all the other countries, and so unite them all in the effort to lift miserable humanity out of the quagmire where so much loss had been sustained.

Of the ordinary sessions of the Congress it would be useless to attempt a report here, still less to record the social functions of a crowded week. We can only indicate the prevailing tones. The discussions (in three languages) ranged over a great variety of subjects, some of them, doubtless, more theoretical than practical; but there seemed to emerge in the speeches of delegates, whencesoever they hailed, several clear and valuable principles. The young must be saved from the misleading glamour of the history books that have made battles seem the most glorious deeds of men. The working masses, already happily affiliated in a large degree from nation to nation, must be encouraged to hope and educated to achieve the great democratic evolution which will abolish the military caste. The rulers of states must be constantly reminded of their vast responsibilities. Here indeed, speakers did but repeat substantially what our King's own words expressed on Monday: "Rulers and statesmen can set before themselves no higher aim than the promotion of mutual good understanding and cordial friendship among the nations of the world. It is the surest and most direct means whereby humanity may be enabled to realise its noblest ideals." The labourers will have their day on Saturday; the young folk are assembling at Queen's Hall for their meeting as we go to press.

Catholics and Free Churchmen have greeted the Congress, and the Pan-Anglican

Conference sent a deputation of bishops to wish Godspeed to the peacemakers. The deputation consisted of the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Massachusetts, and the Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, thus representing the three great divisions of English-speaking people. The Bishop of Ripon was careful to explain that the Lambeth Conference had *sua sponte* adopted a resolution on peace and arbitration which he read to the Congress and supported by a wise and sensible speech. The tones of the American bishop recalled accents familiarised in our ears last year at Boston, and his whole-hearted stand for "the people" and their power to limit war was welcomed cordially. The Australian bishop defended the colonial view of universal military service on the ground that they who would have to go into the field would weigh their words and influence before deciding on war. The Congress listened and gave the speaker credit for good intentions, and then resolved heartily not to extend, but to limit the provision of powder and food for powder.

On the whole it has been truly a memorable time.

On Thursday last week, the Dean of Arches (Sir Lewis T. Dibdin) delivered judgment in the case of the vicar of Eaton, in the diocese of Norwich, who refused to admit a married pair to the Communion, on the grounds that the wife was the deceased wife's sister. The vicar is found to have broken the law, and is admonished accordingly; but it is said the bishop of the diocese supports him in defying the judgment. The *Guardian* this week, sharing the misgivings which the judge himself expressed, concurs with his finding, but hopes the Lambeth Conference now sitting may issue instructions which will relieve the situation of serious embarrassment.

GENERAL BOOTH has completed another of his remarkable motor-car campaigns. Everywhere he has been received like a conquering hero. At Basingstoke, where years ago his soldiers were brutally assaulted, and the Mayor of the day appeared and read the Riot Act, the people received him with open arms, and the Mayor of another day rejoiced to do the venerable General honour. No religious enthusiast since the days of John Wesley has made such an impression on the people of Britain as William Booth. And more, his personal influence and his marvellous organisation are as potent also in Greater Britain and in many foreign lands. Interviewed on his latest impressions of the religious attitude of the people of these islands he said many touching and forceful things, and among them none which the churches would do better to lay to heart than this—"I do not see any signs of a great or widespread desire on the part of the people to turn to God. I would not say a single word that would seem to reflect on the churches, but what the people do desire is to see on the part of the church members a religion that will manifest itself in practical efforts for the uplifting of mankind. I think the people have come to recognise this in the work of the Salvation Army, and this accounts for the enthusiasm with which we have been received."



## LITERATURE.

## THE GREAT COMPANIONS.

IT was an eventful day for literature when Whitman dared publish as "Poems" those uncouth barbaric lines, rough, tameless, and sprawling, like the brambles and flowers of an open common. Songs, chants, warbles—all sorts of pretty and familiar names he applied to his great passionate utterances, grouped together there as "Leaves of Grass." It was a bold stroke for freedom in literary expression, thus to break from the recognised forms and methods of poetry, and yet claim for his work that it *was* poetry, after all. In this country, Edward Carpenter has rendered a like service in "Towards Democracy," which is no imitation of Whitman, but the fresh, original utterance of a poet-prophet, for whose message the limitations of metre and rhyme no longer sufficed. Again, from America, have come Ernest Crosby's little books, "Broadcast," "Swords and Ploughshares," and others, rejoicing in the same freedom which the elder heretic had won. And now Henry Bryan Binns in "The Great Companions,"\* offers a further contribution to the prose-poetry of the modern world.

It were easy to fail in this new manner of writing, but Mr. Binns has not failed. There is life and passion in his little book—a message of vital human experience. The writer has known the great moments of insight and feeling, in fellowship with man and with nature and with the Universal Heart. He does not always express that experience in felicitous words, or in metaphors that bring home his thought or emotion with sheer convincing power. If a reader, sensitive to form and the finer significance of language, should open on such a line as—

"It is good to the soul to walk on Hampstead Heath"

he might read no more. But he would not be wise. It is an impossible line, which neither poetry nor prose can approve. It states what is doubtless perfectly true; but it creates the desire never to walk on Hampstead Heath any more. Such lines are rare in this book—hardly another so painful. For the most part feeling and expression are wedded, in joy or in pain, so that response to the writer's mood is swift and strong, while in the great passages he is irresistible, and we are carried into the tumult and terror of the city, or away into the solitude of woods and fields, and made *aware* of things—I think that is the right word—made to realise a significance in the common everyday happenings, a mystery of love and fire and beauty and awfulness lurking there, alike beneath the turmoil and battlement of streets and the hush of woodland places in great days of summer. That *something more* which is always present within or behind the obvious and the trivial—these poems let us feel that, open our hearts to it. Hence we do well to call them poems and have an ear for the undertones of musical speech which sometimes, if not quite always, they assuredly hold. For the office of poetry is to suggest, and at times to half-interpret

that deeper life of things which alone really avails for us. And when this is achieved with any real success we are glad that the poet has wrought in freedom, unhampered by traditional forms, working as Nature does, in the open air, along the broad field-like spaces of the world.

It will seem a trivial or perhaps an impertinent criticism, yet one would like to punctuate differently some of Mr. Binns' lines. Certain rhythmic possibilities seem to have been missed, the balance and poise of a sentence, here and there, have been lost, for want of a happier pointing! A comma or a colon is a very little thing; yet the insertion or elimination of it may mean so much, when words are struggling to express subtle and fine emotions.

One vital quality of this book, for which it should be greatly prized, is in the close relationship which obtains throughout its pages between Nature and Man. We are conscious of never being far away from either, as we read. What Whitman expressed so fiercely in his "Give me the splendid silent sun," finds a voice here, tender and deep and strong. The city, with all its manifold life and striving, is taken out into the open—into the broad vistas of earth and sky; and the grass and flowers—the soul and meaning of these are brought into the murky streets, to give the sense and breathing of wholesome, happy life still possible there.

"I heard the voice of Humanity saying: 'When you turn aside from cities and all the ways of men—from their gardens, their orchards, their fields and their thoughts—flinging yourself at last upon some woodland floor to gaze into the drowsy movement of the boughs and listen to the birds after the rain; when you turn away from cities to the wild, what is it you are seeking?'

'My child, it is not solitude, it is fellowship that you seek, to escape from men into the life of Man, whereof the woods ever retain a part.'"

"And I heard the voice of Humanity saying: 'My child hast thou given thyself to Me? Henceforth thou shalt have no satisfaction but in Me.

'Henceforward there is that in thee that will not give thee peace until thou give it back to Me.

'I do beset thee with desire of Me, for thee have I desired and chosen.

'Whether among the bracken or among men, I will come calling thee, and needs must thou make answer.

'I have given a new sweetness to thy life and a new meaning, for I have made thee Mine.

'I have set a mark upon thee that all creatures know, to love thee or to hate thee for My sake.'"

The sense of the kinship between man and nature, between city and country, is finely expressed in a poem entitled "One of London's Lovers." It is an elegy on his friend, Ben Kirkman Gray, a man whom many of us grieved to lose last summer, passing as he did, in the prime of life, from the midst of his eager service—a man of vigorous intellect and impassioned heart.

"He was knotty timber, intricate of fibre, and stern made; good for the fire once he was kindled.

"I can see him still as on some winter's

night, against the friendly blaze; now this way and now that, bewilderingly he thrusts the searching point of his swift thought, with mischievous delight."

The poem tells of the boy's early life in a Dorset village, of the "country lad, learning the gloom and the clear of the sky, adventuring in green fields where run bright brooks among the king-cups; crouching under the twisted thorn with all the gale about him, becoming at night familiar with the stars."

Then it tells of his doubts and struggles, his breaking from old traditions, his loneliness and sorrow, his wrath and rebellion against the wrong of human things—the miseries of the great city, and, finally, his life of devotion to social service—the cause of liberty and faith, and love's redeeming strength.

"Was it for nothing he was born a country lad to know the gloom and the clear of the sky? For nothing he won knowledge, for nothing he learned love?

"Was it in vain he saw her face, and knew in that sad face the beauty men may die for, and not die—the purpose of the ages?

"But his was timber for the undying fire. His passion made him one with the sure will of life, grown potent by his love; he died amid creative hopes imperishable and triumphant.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Friend, friend! you would not let us be content with any aims of ours; you kept before us, your keen eyes saw it well, an aim that was better than they.

You would not be satisfied; and because of you we were ashamed to find our satisfaction in achievements still unreal, achievements that accomplish nothing of the task that man was made for—Liberty—the carrying captivity captive, and letting the oppressed go free.

That task always before you—near and vociferous as the London street, but ultimate and endless as creation—proving it yours to do, you loved it, friend, and now shall death prevent you?

No, for I feel you call us comradely that we relinquish other aims, tackling the task sublime reserved for manly comrades, winning our life and death together with you."

There is a deep religious note in this book—a sense of the unity of things and of a life-purpose moving surely and well, amid the strife and wild disorder. Leaving much untold, this notice may end with the words which give voice to a longing known, perhaps, in some rare moment, by every heart that has felt the mystery of its own being.

"I am grateful, O wise Love, for my path before me, for the task that opens ever to my hand, for the kindling of the eternal flame; but I pray thee give me yet another gift: that I go not solitary on my way, labouring alone!

Give me, O my God, my share in thee!

Let me sometimes feel about me the enkindling power of thy creating! Let me sometimes lose myself and my task in Thine; let me find my home in all that is not me."

W. J. J.

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart  
Reveals some clue to spiritual things.

Lowell.

\* A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.



### "HIBBERT JOURNAL" FOR JULY.

THE editor of the *Hibbert* has a peculiar and very interesting proclivity. He likes to publish articles by specialists on subjects which are not their own. He follows, of course, the more orthodox method sometimes, and does not object to papers on philosophy by Professor William James or Professor Henry Jones; he has given us from time to time learned articles on the Bible by recognised Biblical scholars. But he has a leaning towards the unexpected and the incongruous, which is well illustrated in the present number. We look at the title-page, and we see that Dr. Nansen is writing not on the North Pole, but on "Science and the Purpose of Life," and that Professor Flinders Petrie is writing not on Egyptian Antiquities, but on "The Right to Constrain Men for their own Good." It is very interesting to know what such distinguished men think of matters quite outside the department in which they have become recognised authorities, but we have to be careful lest the weight of their names gives a fictitious influence to their opinions upon subjects of which they have no special knowledge.

Dr. Nansen's article is a plea for ethical conformity and religious nonconformity. "Our ethical ideas are based upon the fundamental ideas regulating the development of the organic world, whilst religious dogmas belong to an entirely different sphere, something outside this world. It is evident that for the community and the State, the ethical ideas of the citizens are of the very greatest importance, whilst a man's religious dogmas should be entirely his private concern."

There is a good deal in Dr. Nansen's article with which most liberal thinkers will agree. He insists on the duty of sincerity and modesty. He wishes to enable people to conquer the pessimism which besieges the modern spirit, and which results from the belief that we and the universe are all parts of a mechanical arrangement which is ever changing, and which will result in chaos. But we must confess that the consolation seems a little unsubstantial. "It is essential for the community and the State that each citizen should be brought up to fully understand" (we dislike the split infinitive, but we quote exactly) "that his one duty to himself and others is to make the most out of *this* life, to develop in himself the possibilities nature has given him, and to be as happy as possible."

That kind of advice is the direct result of divorcing ethics from religion. When will people learn that these copybook maxims about being happy and being good are wholly ineffective? Men are so constituted that they need more than good advice. They long to see and to understand something of the eternal. You cannot have a real ethic without metaphysics. Dr. Nansen's view is that a code of ethics is scientifically demonstrable, and that these should be taught and enforced. It has nothing to do with faith or philosophy, which belong to a region of imagination where we may allow every man to go as he pleases. It is not an uncommon view for Agnostics to hold at the present day. In our opinion, ethics are a part of philosophy, and they require nearly as much faith in the unseen and the unprov-

able as what is called religion. True ethics are a part of religion, and cannot be separated from it.

Professor Flinders Petrie's article is a protest against Socialism. He dislikes constraint merely in the interest of the constrained, and asserts that this right is practically unknown to English law except in recent developments. We think he is wrong here. There can be no more definite constraint placed upon a man for his own sake than that which forbids him to commit suicide. How long the act of suicide has been regarded as a crime we cannot ascertain, but it is not a recent law. Until the time of George IV. the suicide suffered an ignominious burial on the highway with a stake driven through his body. No doubt the right to constrain men for their own sake has been much enlarged in modern times, but it is not a right "practically unknown to English law except in recent developments."

Professor Petrie points out the danger of constraint in "the weakening of character by precluding temptation," and in "the growth of deceit and lawlessness as seen in prohibitionist states." This leads him on to the Licensing Bill at present before Parliament, of which he evidently does not approve. "The safer and more honest course is to make drinking more open, more public, and the abuse of it more to be condemned." This is exactly what the reduction of small back street public-houses would do. The argument with regard to the weakening of character by precluding temptation is one of which we hear a good deal to-day. There is, no doubt, a truth contained in it. Too much pampering and protection has a debilitating influence. But it is certainly not true that the more temptation to evil a State permits and fosters, the better are its citizens. The whole tendency of true civilisation is to make vice more difficult and unpleasant and virtue more easy and pleasant. Any State which encouraged temptation to vice in order to harden its members would quickly be destroyed. To say this is not to contradict the closing sentence of Professor Petrie's article: "For living men and women, for endurance of the flesh and restraint of the blood, for strength of will and force of action, for hardy courage and free affection, the more we are trained to carve our own destinies, and the more we suffer for our faults and triumph in our successes, the higher the result and the nobler the characters that will be produced."

Professor James's article is a plea for what he calls pluralism, by which he means "that there *is* a God, but that he is finite, either in power or knowledge, or in both at once." "The superhuman consciousness, however vast it may be, has itself an external environment, and, consequently, is finite."

In other words, Professor James believes in something analogous to the devil or a number of devils. God is not all supreme; he is "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by other things. He cannot do the best he knows. He can only make the best of a universe which is beyond him, and which, in spite of him, must always remain partly intractable. Over against the opinions of absolute idealists who

identify not only the universe but the whole life of man with God, he has something to say. Between these "fell and mighty opposites" there is, however, a "tertium quid" quite unregarded or despised by both parties. We believe that Dualism, however discredited by orthodox philosophers at present, comes far nearer to the truth than either of those theories. We need not defend in all details the Dualism of Dr. Martineau, but we believe that the essential elements of his position present a theory at once more reasonable and more noble than that of Monism or Pluralism. Dr. Martineau believed that God was supreme in power and goodness, and that there was no thwarting power beside him which He could never conquer. God has made man with the power to choose right or wrong; He has set man, as it were, a hand's breadth away from Himself and given room to the newly made to live. All moral evil is a result of this divine gift of freedom.

This thought of God and man is not to be overturned by a supercilious shrug; it demands at least careful consideration. Mr. Jacks himself has, in recent letters to *THE INQUIRER*, dealt with this theory, and whether we agree with him or not, we must be grateful to him for noticing it. Most present-day philosophers pass by on the other side.

We cannot deal with the other articles in detail. There is a fine, stirring address on "The Religionist and the Scientist," by the Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, and an interesting and suggestive account of the "Religion of a Sensible American," by President Jordan. Professor Eucken deals with the tremendous and absorbing problem of Immortality in a way which is worthy of the subject. The articles, as a whole, are on a high level, and will maintain the high reputation which the *Hibbert Journal* has so deservedly gained under Mr. Jacks' editorship. H. Gow.

AMONG the more conspicuous visitors to the Peace Congress this week is Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, U.S.A., one of the champions of good citizenship everywhere. Originally intended for the Episcopal Church, he studied in Cambridge and Leipzig, but the old views of theology becoming untenable by him he gave himself up to the "Old South" work in Boston—the "Old South" being the name of a famous old church which, on the removal of its congregation to the suburbs, was made a centre of education in "history and good citizenship." For some twenty-five years Mr. Mead has carried on this fruitful work. As president of the Free Religious Association of America, he attended the International Conferences at Amsterdam and Geneva. He is an enthusiastic promoter of international goodwill, and with his wife has travelled and worked hard in the interests of peace. He gave an address at Queen's Hall on Tuesday, and Mrs. Mead addressed the young people there on Thursday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—R. D., J. E., G. E. E., J. H., L. P. J., C. O., M. P., P. P.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

## IS HEGELIANISM HARMFUL TO MORALITY?

SIR,—In his recent letter Professor Jacks essays to prove that, while it is quite right and consistent in Hegelians to contend that Libertarianism “reacts injuriously on morality,” it is quite wrong and inconsistent in me, as a Libertarian, to bring a similar charge against Hegelianism. According to my friend’s account of the matter, I hold that the belief in free-will rests upon an intuition which all men necessarily have, and the validity of which no man can possibly call in question, and that, therefore, I can complacently say to the advocates of Hegelianism: “Do your worst in attacking Libertarianism, for, say what you will, it cannot have the smallest effect upon morality, seeing that all men are naturally so constituted that they always have believed, and always must believe, that in moments of temptation it is open to them to choose either of two equally possible alternatives, and that in choosing the lower of these possible alternatives they are wilfully turning away from, rather than seeking, the immanent and self-revealing God!”

Now I freely admit that I do hold that all rational and moral beings have, and cannot help having, in fainter or more vivid fashion, this intuition, or involuntary judgment, of their moral freedom; but what I do not hold, and what, indeed, I deny, is that it is impossible to distrust, or disbelieve in, the validity of such intuitions. To wholly get rid of them or to avoid being at times powerfully and painfully haunted by them is, I feel assured, a mental condition which no intellectual process whatever is competent to completely produce. But to doubt their ultimate character and their divine authority, and to regard them, after the Spencerian manner, as being merely the accumulated results of the empirical experiences of ancestors, which have assumed in us an illusory *a priori* shape, all this, I contend, is not only possible, but is in the present-day being realised to an extent which is very detrimental to the cause of pure and lofty morality.

Professor Jacks appears to think that in my opinion the belief in free-will is an intuition of the same kind as are those spatial or mathematical intuitions which belong to the very form of our finite thinking, and which, therefore, cannot be called in question without at once paralysing all practice and all science. But my view of the character of our basal theological and ethical intuitions is essentially different from this. These intuitions do not appear to me to belong at all to the form of our finite thinking. They wholly transcend the range of all our scientific conceptions, and if they are valid, they arise out of a felt immediate relationship between our dependent and created selves and that self-existent Being who is the ground and cause of all finite existences, and who is felt to be

immanent and self-revealing in all our moral, spiritual, and æsthetic ideals.

It is, I think, with our intuition of moral freedom as it is with the intuition on which theistic belief is based. No rational being is, it seems to me, wholly without some elementary feeling or intuition that his existence depends upon an Eternal Reality, with whom, through his ideals of truth, righteousness, and love, he is admitted to a measure of personal communion. By a too exclusive attention to the world of phenomena, however, it is quite possible to so question and deaden for a time this fundamental intuition as to make it ineffective to produce any clear theistic belief. But ever and anon, even in the most unspiritual natures, under special conditions and special trials, the God-revealing intuition flashes forth in clear self-evidence, and, for a while at least, firm theistic faith is attained. In like manner in the case of the belief in free-will and genuine personal responsibility, it may also be dimmed or eclipsed for a longer or shorter time by antagonistic scientific or metaphysical considerations which appear to be incompatible with it, but this belief, like the faith in God, is always liable to vividly re-assert itself in the more striking moral experiences of life.

By natural prompting, before physical and metaphysical speculation sets in, all men are, in my view, naïve believers both in free-will and in God. By no process of reasoning can these beliefs be either conclusively proved or conclusively disproved; but by a study of other aspects of the cosmos, and by analogies drawn from the world of phenomena, distrust in the validity of these intuitions may arise. This distrust, however, can never amount to the absolute conviction that they correspond to no reality. Theists and Libertarians are so named because they put full faith in these primal beliefs. And they also trust that as these natural intuitions spring out of the self-revelation in the soul of the same Eternal God, whose thought and will manifest themselves in the entire cosmos, a fuller insight into the physics and metaphysics of the universe will tend to weaken and finally dissipate the intellectual doubts which now lead many thoughtful persons to agnosticism and determinism. But be this as it may, all Libertarians would agree, I think, with the statement made in the *Hibbert Journal* by the eminent physicist, Professor J. H. Poynting, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., that “we are more certain of our power of choice and of responsibility than of any other fact, physical or psychical, unless it be indeed that we are still more certain of the power of choice and of the responsibility of someone else, who does us what we regard as an intentional injury. We are certain, all of us, in everyday life, that this power of choice exists, whatever conclusion we may come to in the quiet of our studies.”

We Libertarians, along with the vast majority of mankind, believe in our possession of a power of free choice between moral alternatives, first because it appears to us, on what seem to us valid grounds, that we have an indestructible feeling that in moments of temptation it is open to us to take either the noble or the

ignoble course, and also because we intuitively condemn both ourselves and others when we believe that we have knowingly taken the lower line of action; and we do not see how we could rationally and consistently do this, if only one way of deciding was open to us in our moral choices. Our faith in moral freedom is thus based on more than one intuition, and my impression is that it would be, perhaps, better to call it a *belief* rather than an *intuition*. We are confirmed in the above belief by the considerations adduced by Mr. Mallock in his work on “The Reconstruction of Belief,” which, in my opinion, conclusively show that “belief in human freedom is essential to our moral and æsthetic life; and even those who reject it theoretically are compelled unconsciously to assume it.” All that we mean by “admiration for heroism,” by “indignation at injustice and meanness,” by “forgiveness of injuries,” derives its essential meaning from the implied belief that “men have at times deliberately chosen one course, when they might just as well have chosen its opposite.” Professor Jacks, in one of his three very thoughtful papers in *THE INQUIRER* on “Hegelianism and Freedom,” refers to Jesus as having in his last moments prayed for the forgiveness of his persecutors; but had Jesus been in agreement with the Hegelians, he would have known that God had nothing to forgive. For how could He forgive men for seeking Him according to the best light they possessed? As Mr. Mallock aptly expresses it, “The believer in freedom says to the offending party, ‘I forgive you for the offence of not having done your best.’ The determinist says, ‘I neither forgive nor blame you; for although you have done your worst, your worst was your best also.’”

Such are the chief considerations which lead Libertarians to believe that man possesses a measure of free will. We cannot, in support of our view, appeal to an intuition that admits of no possible question such as is the mathematical intuition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Such axioms belong only to physical science, and hence it is that while on scientific questions investigators constantly tend to greater agreement, on the basal questions of ethics and religion thinkers have disputed, and probably will dispute, so long as this globe avails to support rational inhabitants. There is always, intellectually speaking, a possible option between free will and determinism, just as there is between atheism and theism. All that we Libertarians are fully justified in asserting is that, in our opinion, what we feel to be highest and most authoritative in our consciousness supports the free will side, and that, therefore, in spite of some intellectual difficulties we have a quite adequate assurance of our moral freedom. But even the staunchest Libertarian is not wholly secured from occasional brief fits of scepticism and doubt. I remember that James Martineau, who had been reading *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, once said to me in his garden in the Highlands, “Schopenhauer sometimes, for a while, throws a passing cloud over my faith in the freedom of the will, but contact with the actual moral problems of life soon dissipates it.” What could be a passing cloud



in intensely ethical natures like Kant and Martineau might well become almost a temporary eclipse in the case of such predominantly intellectual natures as Spinoza, Hegel, and Bradley. Mr. Bradley, a few years ago, declared that no competent thinker possessed of any self-respect could demean himself by condescending to discuss so obsolete a question as the Libertarian view of the will. No doubt he thought that Oxford philosophical culture had given the *coup de grâce* to this long vexed controversy. He must have been somewhat perplexed when, a few months ago, a believer in the freedom of the will delivered in an Oxford lecture hall philosophical lectures to an unprecedentedly large audience, including many of the ablest thinkers in the University. I hope this event reminded Mr. Bradley of the good old Latin proverb, *Expellas naturam furca, tamen usque recurret*. Free will may be pitchforked out of Oxford lecture rooms, but it is still on its legs and very much alive. In the pulpits of Christendom it has now a more unquestioned sway than ever before, and whereas in Germany and in some Anglican churches a hybrid of Hegelianism and Christianity was at one time tried, it has now been wholly abandoned as incompetent to do good religious work. Even the eloquent minister R. J. Campbell, whom Oxford Hegelianism had made its own, soon found that in spite of the philosophy which he thought to be impregnable, "we cannot, by the very constitution of our minds, avoid taking some measure of free will for granted."

It will follow from what I have said that Professor Jacks made an erroneous assumption in thinking that I hold that free will rests upon an axiomatic intuition which no one can, either transiently or permanently, call in question. Unfortunately, this incorrect assumption runs through the whole of his letter, and apart from it nearly all his arguments lose their point and cogency. The consequence is that my interest in his letter consists partly in the attraction which his lucid and brilliant style always has for me, and partly in the fact that in its successive paragraphs it allows me, as a spectator, to enjoy the sight of an interesting series of fencing bouts in each of which the gifted writer, with no little dialectical dexterity, succeeds in planting the point of his logical foil right upon some vital spot in his imaginary opponent who is supposed to champion the doctrine which Professor Jacks inaccurately ascribes to me.

To illustrate this assertion I may refer to the latter half of his letter, in which he says: "You tell me with solemn emphasis that last time I did wrong I knew perfectly well that I was free to do right." Now, in the first place, I should hesitate about telling a disciple of Mr. Blatchford that the last time he did wrong he knew perfectly well that he was free to do right; for I should be quite aware that while he was under the spell of his leader's eloquence he might have serious doubts about his being able to do anything else than he actually did. And if the same man had happened to look into the City Temple when the preacher was in a metaphysical mood he might have been led to think that in doing what was called "wrong" he was really engaged, as far as was possible to

him, in a quest after God. "Now," continues Professor Jacks, "you think this man did wrong last time, how is your system of moral philosophy going to help him to cease to do wrong next time? He ran by the signal last time, do you think you are going to prevent him from doing the same thing next time by attaching to the signal a pendant in the shape of a demonstration of free will? . . . Such a pendant would be superfluous and useless, for whatever theory you instil he will remain just as free to disregard what you have taught him as he was to run past his original intuitions." This shows how greatly Professor Jacks misapprehends the free will doctrine. An admirer of Mr. Blatchford, who may have got drunk last week and beaten his wife, is, in my view, considerably less likely to do it again if in the meantime he comes across some earnest and impressive preacher who, by his direct appeal to the man's moral consciousness, sweeps away the misleading illusions with which the necessarian journalist and the Hegelian preacher may have befogged his mind, and so enables the man to clearly realise the innate divine intuition that he both could have and ought to have valiantly resisted the appetite and the passion which tempted him to violate the intrinsic claims of duty and of love, and thus to fight against that immanent God who is ever seeking to save mankind by inviting them to conquer self, and to enter into ever deeper moral and spiritual union with Himself. In saying this the preacher would impart no entirely new information; he would simply give intense vividness, and therefore a greater sense of reality and authority to the moral and religious intuitions of which his hearer had been more faintly conscious when perpetrating his wickedness. My contention, accordingly, is that to clear the soul from the specious and seductive illusions by which a too materialistic or a too intellectualistic philosophy may have dimmed the perception of the moral sense, and to give a vivid insight into what is meant by sin, by alienation from God, and by divine forgiveness, is to do something which I cannot but think essentially and effectually furthers the common cause of morality and religion.

CHARLES B. UPTON.

#### MORAL FREEDOM.

SIR,—IN THE INQUIRER of July 11 and July 18 the perennially interesting question of the moral freedom of man is raised again by Professor Upton as the champion of Libertarianism and by Professor Jacks as the champion of Determinism. It seems strange that in a question like this in which the difference between the two schools of thought can be focussed with perfect sharpness, ages of discussion should apparently do nothing to bring about agreement. The difficulty is not one which puzzles the uninstructed person; he, as a rule, does not even see that there is a difficulty. To the ordinary Briton it is as obvious that open alternatives of conduct are presented to him every day of his life as it is to the Turk that all human action is fore-ordained by Allah. The quarrel is among the philosophers, the men of wisdom, and in this country,

where our early modes of thought and our common forms of speech all implicitly affirm the doctrine of individual freedom, it takes a philosopher even to perceive any possibility of truth in the theory of Determinism. The fact, then, that all our prejudices rise at once in arms against the theory combines with the fact that its supporters are among our ablest and most learned men to compel us to inquire whether there are not in its elements of truth which may in important respects modify the views held by the opposing school.

Professor Upton advances the principle "that certain things in the past not only ought to have been, but *could have been* otherwise," as the irreducible minimum of the Libertarian theory. This we are prepared to accept, but when we come to inquire *how much* otherwise, we find, I believe, the value and truth of the Deterministic view. Some people appear to think that a Libertarian is bound to suppose that at any moment by the mere exercise of his free will, a man can shake off the bonds of habitual sloth and neglect of his higher faculties and act in direct contradiction to all his previous history, that a man who has consistently yielded to temptation for thirty years can on the next occasion, merely because he so chooses, stand firm against it. All experience cries out against such a doctrine. We might as well think that because the teaching of the higher mathematics is rationally consistent, therefore every intellect can at any moment understand it. There is an immaturity of moral character as well as an immaturity of intellectual power, and this immaturity strictly limits the possibilities open to us. Our course of conduct lies, as it were, between fences set up by education and habit, but within these limits we can give it what direction we will, and the slightest change of direction alters the direction of the fences which will restrain us on the next occasion. While, then, our acts could always have been different, they probably could never have been very different; indeed, as an act is a gross outward resultant of many delicate internal factors, it is probable that the acts themselves were often bound to take place, but the internal factors might have been so far otherwise as to give a different range of possibilities when similar circumstances again arise. This amount of freedom, however, although to some it may appear a poor thing, is all that the Libertarian requires, for it restores to man that moral responsibility of which he firmly believes the Determinist theory robs him. It is perhaps the clear perception of this element of truth in Determinism which gives Dr. Mellone the double personality with which Professor Upton credits him.

There are many who, in spite of the ingenious argument of Professor Jacks, will share Professor Upton's fears lest the adoption of a Deterministic philosophy will be harmful to the morality of the country. We have all met the type of person who, when found fault with in any way, declares "It is my nature to act so; I can't help it." There is no surer obstacle to improvement than this fatalistic view of one's own character. And it is just this view that the Deterministic



theory—at least in the more superficial forms in which it would be adopted by the multitude—tends to produce. Of course, it is true that on Determinist principles teachers have a fine field before them; they have simply to instil certain motives and ideas into their pupils' minds, and results are certain. But how long will teachers care to go on producing moral machines? If man is a machine he may just as well be immoral as moral. Indeed, in these circumstances the word morality loses all meaning.

Professor Jacks, if I understand him rightly, seems to view the consciousness of moral freedom as identical with the fact of moral freedom. He draws certain conclusions from Professor Upton's philosophy and continues thus: "In other words, the consciousness of freedom, instead of existing on its own account, as a fact which philosophy must accept, now turns out to be dependent for its existence on the very philosophy which was supposed to be grounded upon its own indisputable witness. I confess I find it hard to conceive Professor Upton thus admitting that moral freedom is a thing which can be thought into, and out of, existence, according as your philosophy is of this type or of that." I do not know whether Professor Upton would hesitate to admit that the *knowledge* of moral freedom can be thought into, or out of, existence according to our philosophy; but we can hardly consider that this knowledge is an irreducible datum of the moral consciousness so long as Professor Jacks or any one else does not possess it. But the fact that he does not *know* that he is free would not prevent his actually being free, if indeed the Libertarian theory is correct; any more than the fact that I do know that I am free would prevent my being bound, if Professor Jack's interpretation of the universe is the true one.

MARGARET DRUMMOND.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. AUSTIN KIME.

SPAIN-LANE Chapel, Boston, has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Austin Kime, who has been the mainstay of the congregation for many years. He was the chief acting trustee and treasurer of the chapel, and has been nearly all his life the support of the Unitarian cause, attending service every Sunday almost to the last. He died on Saturday, July 25, having completed his eighty-first year on the previous day, when he received the congratulations of his relations in good spirits, and apparently fair health. On Saturday morning, after taking his breakfast as usual, he had a fit of coughing, and in a few minutes he had passed away into the spirit-life.

His friends will remember with regret his amiable manner and genial disposition. He was faithful to the Unitarian cause, and by his carefulness the finances of the chapel were maintained, and have been left in a satisfactory condition. His constancy should be an example worthy of imitation to the younger members of the congregation. May they be inspired to walk in the footsteps of the aged and departed father of the congregation.

## THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### THE WILDERNESS.

"WHAT, are you going down to the Wilderness?" Farmer Kell called out to me, as, having put my bicycle up in his cart shed, I was making across the clover in that direction. "Yes," I replied. "Well, if you get stuck fast in the bog you must wave that red handkerchief of yours and shout, and I'll come down and pull you out."

"Right your are," I said, and went on my way, but before the end of the day I had the laugh of Farmer Kell.

I had come over in good time in the morning, for the Wilderness is not a place to hurry over. I may as well give you a general idea what it's like.

It's like a raree-show—much in little. Or like one of those sixpenny trips to the Rocky Mountains or the South Pole, in which, having paid your money to a handsome doorkeeper you take your seat in a railway car, or on the deck of a steamer, and lo! in less than no time you're whizzing through the grandest scenery in the world. Such, I say, is the Wilderness, with differences. If, as is not impossible, you presently find yourself up to the armpits in a reeking morass, with reddish-black water oozing and bubbling up all around you, you will have time to make many picturesque observations, though you may get home rather late for tea. Having other duties to attend to, I have to content myself by subsiding into the perilous marsh not deeper than to my knees; a situation from which one can retire more rapidly. The Wilderness is found, then, by the hardy explorer to be a level tract extending for some miles beside the banks of a slow-flowing river. The latter is not as long as the Nile, nor are the surrounding hills as high as the Andes; but in the southern distance stands a bold baby mountain known as the Hermitage. We have not time, though, to dwell on the surroundings—our business is the Wilderness. So first of all we will plunge into an almost impenetrable jungle of scrub and bramble, and huge tussocks of reed. Ah! what a paradise once was here—a paradise of *osmunda* or the flowering fern growing in thickets through which you have to push your way, high as a man's head! Now, the glory has departed. The foolish, graceful thing in a vain hour got itself styled "Royal"; and forthwith every loyal subject must needs have a Royal fern. Then the fern-hunters came and every single fern went. But they have never attacked the buck-bean or bog-bean, and here is a lovely creature indeed. You must come early in the year or you will be too late for its pink buds and fringed blossoms, May or June in this warm region, though later in cooler parts of the country. And when you look for it do not think too hard about beans. Its triple leaves indeed remind one of those of the broad-bean. They spring long-stalked from the marsh in which the buck-bean grows. Really it is not a bean at all, but a gentian, and as such its root has an intensely bitter taste and makes a strong medicine, and is a good appetiser. But its flower is a thing of

pure beauty. Tell me, if you can, any other flower that has fashioned its petals into such exquisite lacework? Look at it through your magnifying glass; it will seem larger, but not less delicate. Is it white, you ask yourself, or is it pink? It is white, but it is blushing in its modesty, as no human cheek could blush, at the thought of having brought you into such sludgy quarters to see it.

A *real* bean which grows freely in the Wilderness is the historic woad or dyer's green-weed, cousin to the broom and gorse, which gave its Latin name, "*Genista*," to our Plantagenet Kings. Here, in July, you will find the tough little shrub covered with its yellow flowers; and not far away are tufts of the urn-mosses wearing their silken hoods on their heads, which are as full of dust-like seeds or spores as your heads are full of whims, perhaps. One afternoon I met a thievish-looking botanist down here, who proved to be not such a vagabond as he looked, and who at last confided to me that in preparation for his wife's birthday on the morrow he had come to the Wilderness on his bicycle, from I know not how far away, to find her some sundew plants. He carried away some good specimens carefully wrapped in the wet peat-moss in which they grow, their round red leaves fringed with dewy hairs waiting to catch and devour the unwary fly. This is the nearest approach you can find in the Wilderness to vegetable lions or tigers.

That day I have mentioned when I turned homewards, I did so with a run as though I had seen a ghost. And truly I had seen something that made me take to my heels. In the stackyard I met Farmer Kell, who greeted me with his old joke about pulling me out of the mire, and perhaps I'd caught some eels. I thanked him for his courtesy. No, I had caught no eels but had just been thinking of fishing for one of his cows which had gone down on to the marsh and was now up to her neck in the dyke unable to move. "Eel-lines are no use for fish of that size," I said, "I want the strongest rope you've got, and——" but before I could add another word, "John, John!" shouts good Master Kell at the top of his voice, waving his arm to beckon his man; and John, who had been quietly hoeing out thistles among the turnips all the afternoon, looked up, stuck the handle of his implement in the soil and came running like a dromedary with great strides from the middle of the field, thinking that the stacks must be on fire. A few minutes after, he was leading a team of cart horses down on to the marsh, the master carrying a coil of thick rope, and Job, the boy, and I at either end of a large stout pole, and prepared to obey orders. The next scene presented a kind of seesaw game, the master and man bending with all their weight on one end of the pole while the cow helplessly did the same at the other end so as to allow Job and me to get the rope beneath her. This having been done with some difficulty, and the process repeated at the other end of the animal with another rope, the team of horses was then attached, and the poor cow drawn safely on to dry land—a woful, muddy spectacle. So ended my last day in the Wilderness. H. M. L.



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## THE CHILDREN IN THE TEMPLE.

THEY may be seen on summer evenings playing in the garden. Adults are excluded, but nothing hinders them from watching the children at play. Just opposite the tall old railings is the birthplace of "ST. CHARLES"—THACKERAY canonised him, and all the faithful count him at least among the beatified. Through these same railings the infant ELIA looked riverward. Their date is 1730. They are among the old things that make childhood most fragile and evanescent. There are things older still in the Temple—a good half of the history of Christianity in this island is spanned by its church. Traditions of great men of the past cling about it; while the fancies of famous dramatists, novelists, poets, and historians effloresce around the sterner story of its men of law. On the south flows the empire-laden Thames, on the north the vast, unceasing, many-witted tide of Fleet-street. And of all this the children know nothing. The grass is to them deliciously green after the burning asphalt of the street. Games are good, and the large liberty of that happy place is theirs.

The meditative adult, his office duty done, takes his glance through the gates, not ungratefully. He may not enter that particular garden, but there are others. He and some million of his kind are at this very hour going, or to go, among the fields, and over the moors, and beside the rocks, and elsewhere, to play—if they blessedly can—like children awhile. "ST. CHARLES" suggested that a grace before MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, and the Faery Queene would not be ill-placed. Is the summer holiday a less heaven-sent boon? How many of the million will take it so?

Unfortunately, there is so much cash to be got out of the holiday-maker that he is pestered out of half his wits by preliminary advertisements. The other half serves but ineffectually to cope with the mere conventions of fashion and the accidents

of travel. He must needs journey far, spend much while scheming by every dodge to spend little, hamper himself with needless impedimenta, crush with the crowd, fruitlessly seek escape from the noisy and ill-mannered. The day is sunny, but the heat and dust oppress him; it is cool, but the rain dejects him. Add to his own vexations those he must share with his family—ah! well, hope springs eternal. There, at any rate, is the ample sea, the still stream amid the quiet meadows; there is the steadfast mountain, and the smokeless sky; there is a Temple-garden for every child in heart. Perhaps a "grace before Bank Holiday" would go some way toward making it even for the poorest of us, poorest in purse or imagination, a real bit of what VAUGHAN the Silurist calls "holy, happy, healthy heaven."

If, through the barriers that keep us out rather than them, souls wise and good should look at men in their summer play, what would they see? Some of us, perhaps, genuinely playing—honest fun and active exertion here, there the more leisurely pleasure and sedate mirth—sounds, not of petulance, vexation, and fret, but making purest harmonies of simple speech, kindly, cheery, and shrewd—such things the spirits fair must delight to see and hear. Never mind if we cannot see *them*, if for the time we even forget all about them. Sufficient unto the day is the happiness thereof, and little hands are soon full. We should be stunned, says a now unfashionable poet, if we heard the music of the spheres. It is enough for Jenny and Jacky of Blackfriars, in the garden of play, that they and Tommy and the rest are there, and enough is as good as a feast—nay, is a feast. As for the other presences, RALEIGH, SPENSER, SELDEN, BLACKSTONE, JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, COWPER, and the immortal "ST. CHARLES" himself, little men will best grow to know more of such things if they take whole-heartedly the simple blessedness of the hours as they come. By and by, partly by instruction, but much more by being vigorously alive in all our senses, we shall all know more nearly what the whole wondrous fact is that we name the world, how much it transcends our dreams, and dwarfs our systems of theology, and shames our fears, and makes our selfishness ridiculous.

CHANNING HOUSE SCHOOL, HIGHGATE, N.—The breaking-up party and pupils' concert was held at the school on Saturday, July 25, but owing to the death of Mrs. Arthur Sharpe, who had for many years devoted so much of her time and interest to the school, it was felt that the function should be a very quiet one this time, and consequently invitations were strictly limited to the parents of the girls. The many friends of the school will kindly note this as the reason for their not having received the usual invitation.

## LITERATURE: ITS USES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.\*

BY THE REV. J. J. WRIGHT.

DEFINING literature, with Matthew Arnold, as the best that has been thought and felt and written, Mr. Wright quoted also from the beginning of Henry Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature":—"The literature of a people tells its life. History records its deeds; but literature brings to us, yet warm with their first heat, the appetites and passions, the keen intellectual debate, the highest promptings of the soul, whose blended energies produced the substance of the record. . . . The literature of this country (for example) has for its distinctive mark the religious sense of duty. It represents a people striving, through successive generations, to find out the right and do it, to root out the wrong, and labour ever onward for the love of God."

We have to remember (said Mr. Wright in the course of his paper) that in the Sunday School we are dealing with what the Bible calls "babes"—a phrase which includes most of us—and that therefore it is the "milk" of literature, and not much of the "meat," as yet, which can do any good. My plea, indeed, to-day, is that there is an abundance of the wholesome "milk," as well as of the wholesome "meat" of literature, which we might easily use in our Sunday school work of cultivating the best life. To drop the figure of speech, I mean to say that nearly all teachers in their lessons might make more use than they do of the beautiful things in books. Nor need they go to the difficult "great books." The fact is that all wholesome books, of every kind, contain the same life. It is only a question of less or more, and of how it is embodied and dressed. All the waters of the heavens and the ocean are one, and reach most of us, for use, through some homely household tap. It is so with the heavens and oceans of life in books. Even the little book, if it be good, can convey life—sweetening, cleansing, refreshing, enriching life to us. As Sunday school teachers we should never forget—we should again and again remind ourselves lest we forget—that all the time, Sunday after Sunday, it is life we are dealing with; it is little lives, young lives, that we are trying to help; "lives" with each a life before it, a life that will be always better to-morrow, and for ever after, for any sense of duty or of beauty, yea, for any higher dream, that we can awaken or strengthen in it.

Now, fellow teachers, we are each a life. Note that I say *are* rather than *have*. It is the truer and more significant word. We are each a life. And when all is said and done, the hiding-place, the secret, of whatever little power we have for good is just there! As between teacher and taught, it always takes a mind to develop a mind, a heart to educate a heart, a soul to unfold a soul. In one word, it is life and life only in the teacher, which calls forth and cultivates life in the scholar. And life is the main thing. In proportion, then, to the life we are,

\* From an Address at the Summer Session for Sunday School Teachers at Manchester College, Oxford, July 14.



and to the life we are happy enough to exert on the children—in just that is the whole blessed secret of any little good we are ever permitted to do. And see! It is just because life, next to being embodied in a human being, is best enshrined in a book, that books or literature can help us so very much. As Sunday School teachers we are working at the development of life. Beyond all our imaginings or intentions is the life that goes out of our own lives into that of others, but our power is multiplied a thousandfold by utilising the life that lives in books.

What books? Well, I should say all kinds of books that are wholesome and that you have a taste for. Dear, delightful Charles Lamb, so pleasant himself to read, gently boasted that he could read and enjoy almost anything in the shape of books except, as he says, "books that are no books," such as almanacs, auctioneers' catalogues, ready reckoners, and—if he had lived in our day he would have added—railway time-tables. But I believe there are men clever enough to teach geography and history by means of a "Bradshaw," and I should not wonder to hear of somebody who could teach moral and perhaps religious lessons by means of a railway time-table. Anyway, I can imagine pretty nearly all sorts of books being used, and however humble the book was, so long as it was wholesome, I should count it as good work done to put one more human mind into living connection with it. For that same mind, by the very practice and the pleasure, would surely develop the power to lay hold on a bigger and a better book by and by.

Bob Jakin, in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," was entirely wrong on the subject; and no wonder! He had grown up unable to read. He was a packman, and, as he admitted privately to his dog Mumps, "he was a bit of a Do." He declared that his head was all alive like an old cheese, so teeming with ideas that one knocked another over. His sharp practices and goings on so alarmed his good simple mother that she often warned him, and then Bob would say, "Mother, you should 'a' sent me to the school, and then I could 'a' larnt to read i' the books and kept my head cool and empty!"

As I said, Bob Jakin was wrong. And no wonder. Yet he was right in this, that if only one can give a young mind the love of a piece of literature, that mind will be different—divinely different—for it.

A friend of mine in Lancashire, a humane reformer and genuine educationist, lately declared himself as coming to the conclusion that the best education that children receive was not inside, but outside the day school, for inside they too often get only a hatred of books and knowledge. This statement may be too sweeping, but there is, alas! too much truth in it, and the amount of truth there is in it gives additional reason why the Sunday School should make all the more effort to link its young lives on to the lovely things in literature. Jane Austen, long ago, was surely right when she said that "a fondness for reading, properly directed, is an education in itself." And Augustine Birrell does not in the least exaggerate when, in his essay on "Nationality" (in "Res Judicatæ"), speaking

of what England has to give to us all, he says, "She has a literature which makes the poorest of her children, if only he has been taught to read, rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

If only he has been taught to read. Note that! All the children in England, for nearly 40 years past, have "been taught to read," in the bare sense of the words. But that is not enough. Young people have been truly taught to read when they really and naturally feel that the best though imperfect life within themselves has some relation to the best and more perfect life in books. This, you see, is infinitely more than the mere mechanical art of reading, wondrous as that may be. As you may be aware, the National Home Reading Union had to be formed twenty years ago for this very reason and purpose, and has done, and is still doing, especially among school children, remarkably good work. But there is in education still so much of the "letter that killeth" and so little of the "spirit that giveth life," that the well-known author, Quiller-Couch, from his actual experience on education committees, feels for himself at present that, instead of adding to the books already in existence, he is likely to do far more good if he can so edit, and put in such handy tempting form, some of the many classics of English literature as to cause them to be loved by the rising generation as the child loves his play and the old man his chimney corner. These little, tasty "Select English Classics" are being published by the University Press, here in Oxford, at 3d. and 4d. each. They make a bold beginning with "Robin Hood," but include Bunyan, Milton, Shakespeare, Matthew Arnold, Keats and others.

Now I believe I'm a bit romantic, but, for all that, I like to be practical. This I will show you in two things—(1) I am going to cut short my lecture in order to give you, from books themselves, a few actual illustrations of the literature which may be used in Sunday schools; and (2) I have kept on purpose, until this nearly final moment, the one sentence which I would beg you to take most notice of. It is the judgment of the wise and widely experienced Goethe: "A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memories with rows and rows of natural objects classified with name and form."

"One single good action; one single good poem." Yes, instance after instance could I give you, from personal knowledge, running through more than thirty years, where, "feeling having been aroused" even "for one single good poem," has had the effect of sending a young life on a purer and truer way. I know of middle-aged work-a-day men and women now who still talk with joy of the time and the occasion in their youth when a poem or prose piece or book, to which they were happily led, unsealed the fountains of their better life and its pleasures—fountains which have never since ceased to flow. I can still see every day hard-working young people whose best life some little or few of the best things in books have touched like moral and spiritual magic, clearing and quickening

their sense of rightness and beauty, and making courteousness and refinement their native air. Take heart, then, my fellow teachers, if you "can arouse a feeling for one single good action or for one single good poem."

At the conclusion of his lecture, Mr. Wright gave some instances, and read a few of the most striking passages, in illustration of the kind of literature which would be found most useful in Sunday school. These included Longfellow's "Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," Burns's "A Man's a Man for a' That," an anonymous poem "Tapestry Weavers" (see the INQUIRER of July 25), Browning's "Hervé Riel," Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" in the "Idylls of the King," the passage in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in the chapter on Helotage beginning "Two men I honour," Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance," passages from Thackeray's "Newcomes" (where the Colonel takes his boy away from the gardens, protesting against the shame of a ribald song), and from "Tom Brown's Schooldays" (where he comes back to Rugby and goes into the chapel after Arnold's death); and lastly, the description of the Denominational Garden in "Lovey Mary."

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON's book, "George Grenfell and the Congo," is chiefly devoted to the pioneer and exploring work of that distinguished Baptist missionary. An interesting fact which it brings into prominence is that the cannibal tribes are by no means lowest in the civilised scale. Some peoples who would scorn the suggestion of eating human flesh are nevertheless of a much lower social order than some cannibals. Another interesting fact is the difficulty experienced by the missionaries in teaching the natives Christian (!) theology—the doctrine of the Trinity presenting special difficulties. In the author's words, "The Trinity was a great stumbling-block to the outspoken Congo peoples, who often complained in Grenfell's hearing that while their teachers insisted there was but one God, they nevertheless enjoined on them the worship of two. The diarist adds in a note that it was difficult to insure recognition for the Holy Ghost as an independent member of the Trinity." Truly the simplicity of the unsophisticated savage mind has something to teach that order of civilised mind which has been nourished from the first on Athanasian subtleties.

Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look upon us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living, human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—George Eliot.



MAETERLINCK'S  
"THE BURIED TEMPLE."

BY THE REV. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.

DR. JOHN BROWN says that "when the English nobility were overwhelming Canova with commissions, and were ignorant of the existence of their own Flaxman, the generous Italian rebuked them by saying, 'You English see with your ears.' I can imagine the equally generous Belgian, Maeterlinck, warning us against being forgetful of our own Emerson, and not to see with our ears, if his own fame should seem to be dimming the lustre of Emerson. How largely he was influenced by Emerson, and how saturated his mind was with his writings, appears in an interesting preface which he wrote for a translation into French by Mlle. Mali of seven of Emerson's essays. An English version of this preface was published in America in the "Arena," in 1896, by Mr. Hamilton Osgood. A few extracts from this preface will throw light upon his judgment of Emerson and his attitude to him, and will convey a fair idea of his own outlook upon life. He begins with two quotations, one from Novalis and one from Emerson, which strike the same keynote with almost equal force. "One thing alone," says Novalis, "is of importance, it is to search for our transcendental me." "What is of worth in books," says Emerson, "if it be not the transcendental and extraordinary." He then attempts to indicate the meaning of the efforts of the mystics, and how they strive to make clear that "things are not what they seem," and that life has a reality too deep for thought, just as one may feel that there is a pathos in things too deep for tears. "To-day," he exclaims, "something a thousand thousand times more mysterious than thought has delivered us to each other." "We are gods, who do not know each other." The place he allots to Emerson may be seen from the following passage, "Goethe accompanies our soul upon the shores of the sea of serenity. Marcus Aurelius leads it to sit upon the declivity of the human hills of a perfect and wearisome goodness and under the too heavy foliage of a resignation without hope. Carlyle, the spiritual brother of Emerson, who in this century warns us from the other extremity of the valley, makes the only heroic moments of our being pass like lightning flashes upon depths of darkness and the storm of an unceasingly monstrous unknown. . . . But meanwhile, behold Emerson, the good shepherd of the pale and green meadows of a new, natural, and plausible optimism. He does not conduct us to the brink of abysses. He does not make us leave the familiar and humble enclosure, because the glacier, the sea, the eternal snows, the palace, the stable, the cold hearth of the poor, and the bed of the sick, all exist under the same sky, are purified by the same stars, and submissive to the same infinite powers. For many souls he came at the moment of necessity, at the instant when they were in mortal need of new explanations." "He has put a beam of light under the foot of the artisan who comes from the workshop." "He is the sage of common days." In an interview with Mr. Jules Huret he made this striking reference to Emerson: "A man accom-

plishes most" (he is referring specifically to a poet) "if he puts himself in the position of Emerson's carpenter. If he wishes to dress a timber, the carpenter does not place it above his head, but under his feet, and thus, at each blow of his adze, it is not he alone who works; his muscular forces are insignificant, but it is the entire earth which works with him; in assuming his chosen position, he calls to his aid all the forces of gravitation of our planet, and the universe approves the slightest movement of his muscles. A poet's words must have eternity as a fulcrum, and each movement of his thought should be approved and multiplied by the unique and eternal force of the gravitation of thought. . . . If I listen, it is the universe and eternal order which think in my place, and, without fatigue, I shall go beyond myself. If I resist, one might say I am struggling against God." Mr. Osgood speaks of Maeterlinck as "a mystic, and his mysticism is based upon a deeply religious nature." I should be inclined to describe him as a reasoning mystic. He is a man versed no less in the literature of bees than in that of the mystics. He is a most intent observer of things; he garners rich harvests of a quiet eye, whether it be turned upon physical or metaphysical phenomena. He is a psychological dramatist. His profession, one is led to suppose is that of a lawyer. "From time to time," he says, "a poor peasant comes to ask me to defend him, and I plead—in Flemish." He is no recluse, but is fond of such pastimes as canoeing, skating, bicycling, and motoring. That Maeterlinck does not underestimate the task of that special class of thinkers known as the mystics, one may surmise from such a saying as this, that, "they are like painters striving to seize a resemblance amid darkness." "We are blind men playing with jewels." But we are not left to the unilluminated gropings of thought alone. "The face of our divine soul smiles at moments over the shoulder of her sister, the human soul, bending to the humble needs of thought; and this smile, which gives us a passing glimpse of all which lies beyond thought, is alone of import in the works of men." These things ought to be borne in mind when we enter upon a consideration of Maeterlinck's work, "The Buried Temple," which consists of a collection of six essays which appeared between 1889 and 1901 in various journals. The titles of these essays are interesting: "Justice," "The Evolution of Mystery," "The Reign of Matter," "The Past," "Luck," "The Future." The meaning of the general title, "The Buried Temple," which covers these essays is not far to seek, if we remember Paul's allusion to the temple, or if we recall the thought in Matthew Arnold's poem of the "Buried Life." Maeterlinck speaks of "the only temple in which justice really operates, that is to say in ourselves." And the gods who were exiled from their proper throne within ourselves have returned to their own abode, and it is there that nowadays men seek them and question them. And so the opening words on the essay on Justice need not unnecessarily startle anyone. "I speak for those," he says, "who do not believe in the exis-

tence of a unique judge, omnipotent and infallible, who, intent day and night on our thoughts, feelings, and actions, maintains justice in this world and consummates it elsewhere. If there is no judge, is there a justice other than that organised by men in their laws and courts?" Who will deny that there is, but where shall we locate it, since we must deny its existence in the skies. The views of justice which Maeterlinck sets in opposition the one to the other may, I think, find their appropriate types in two well-known passages from Shakespeare. In the first we have the view which Maeterlinck is combating:—

"If powers divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do),  
I doubt not then that innocence shall  
make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience."

In the second passage, from "Macbeth," we seem to have an epitome of the argument of this essay on Justice, and the justification for the dread of Macbeth set forth in what we may, not unfittingly, call reasoned mysticism:—

If it were done when 'tis done, then  
'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence. . .  
that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of  
time,

We'd jump the life to come. But in these  
cases

We still have judgment here; that we  
but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return

To plague the inventor: this even-  
handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned  
chalice to our own lips."

In the one passage we see the wide-spread belief expressed that the divine powers so arrange things as to duly punish the guilty and reward the innocent; whereas, in the second passage, it is indicated that we are in some mysterious way the origin of our own punishment or reward. Maeterlinck calls the one physical justice, and the other psychological justice. He asks, is there a justice external to ourselves, does there exist, independent of man, in the universe and in things, a moral principle that cannot be infringed or deceived? Is there, in short, a justice which we may call physical justice? Or does this justice spring entirely from man, is it entirely inward, in a word, psychological? He thinks that no one, however eager for illusions and for mysteries can now long doubt that there is no such thing as a physical justice proceeding from moral causes, that such justice does not present itself under the form of heredity, disease, atmospheric or geologic phenomena, or under any imaginable forms. Neither earth, nor heaven, nature, matter, nor ether, nor any of the forces we know beyond those within us have any concern for justice, or have the least connection with our morality, thoughts, or intentions. Between the external world and our acts there are only simple relations of cause and effect essentially un-moral. Whether I throw myself into bitterly cold water to save a fellow



creature, or fall in, in an attempt to drown him, the consequences of the chill will be absolutely alike, and nothing in earth or heaven will add a pain to my pains because I have committed a crime, or relieve me of a single pang because I have performed a virtuous act. He applies the same reasoning to the case of heredity. It is independent of moral causes. It would be a strange justice that should visit on the son or great grandson the weight of a fault committed by a father or a great-grandfather. He then proceeds to consider the origin of our sense of justice and to ask whether it matters what we consider that origin to be, whether God, or a sort of justice in the universe, or because a thing appears just simply to a man's conscience. He holds that this third case is the only truly admissible case. By referring to an origin of justice outside himself man is led into error. "Everything is paid for," people say. Yes, at the bottom of our heart and in the domain of human affairs everything is paid for, according to justice, in an inner reward of happiness or misery. Everything is equally paid for, but the happiness or misery no longer passes through the hands of the same steward. It is distributed after another fashion, and for other motives, in virtue of other laws. It is no longer the justice of the conscience which presides; it is the logic of nature unaware of our ideas of morality.

There is in us a spirit which only weighs intentions; outside of us there is a power which only weighs deeds. We try to persuade ourselves that they act in concert. We are constantly mixing up our sense of justice with this un-moral logic, which is the source, for the most part, of our errors. To the periodic outcry against the cruelty of Nature in catastrophes by sea or land, he replies: Is it reasonable to be astonished that the ocean takes no account of the state of the souls of its victims, when we, who have a soul, that is to say, the organ *par excellence* of justice, take no account of the innocence of thousands of wretched people who are our victims? Yet, in social injustice, it is not the human part which is capable of arresting our passionate desire for equity, but that part which a great number of people attribute still to God, to a sort of fatality, to imaginary laws of nature. He is referring to our easy-going acquiescence in what seems evil and wrong, by our easy-going disposition to attribute the course of things to the Will of God, or to Providence. What men formerly called "the gods" is now called "life." And though life is as inexplicable as the gods, yet something is gained by the change of name, since no one has the right to speak or to injure in its name. The object of human thought is not to destroy mystery, or to minimise it, but to get at the genuine kind of mystery which will furnish endless matter for thought. Where did men locate justice? It filled the world. At one time it was in the hands of the gods, at another time it dominated even the gods. It was everywhere except in man. At length we trace it into the depths of our heart. We became the last resort and true dwelling-place of the mysteries which we sought to annihilate. It is as a matter of fact, as admirable, as inexplicable that man should have in his heart an immutable

instinct of justice, as it was admirable and inexplicable that the gods or the forces of nature were held to be just. What we withdrew from the heaven reappears in the heart. It is not in things, it is in us that the justice of things is found. The justice or the injustice of our intention has no influence on the attitude of nature in regard to us; but it has an almost always decisive influence on our attitude in regard to nature. We attribute to the universe, or to an unintelligible and fatal principle, a part which we ourselves are really playing; and when we say that justice, nature, heaven, or things punish us, and seek their vengeance, what else is it but man who punishes man through things, human nature revolts, and human nature avenges itself. He illustrates this by the career of Napoleon, citing three crucial instances of Napoleonic injustice receiving condign vengeance through things. An act of injustice always shakes a man's confidence in himself and in his destiny. It is a confession of loss of power, and it is not long before the most vulnerable part of his soul lies bare to his enemies. The profoundest and most subtle intelligence gets hopelessly lost in the atmosphere of injustice that it has created, and can no longer foresee a tenth part of its consequences. Everything fails us as soon as we deviate from the primitive line of equity: one lie begets a hundred lies, and one act of treason returns accompanied by a thousand others. Our whole moral organism is made to live in the atmosphere of justice, as our physical organism is made to live in the atmosphere of our globe. We are completely in the dark as to Nature's aim and object, or even as to whether she has any. All we do know is, not what she thinks or if she thinks, but simply what she does and how she does it. Nature seems to be pursuing one course and our sense of justice another. If we were to follow the leading of nature, we should pursue only our own triumph, regardless of the rights, sufferings, innocence, beauty, moral or intellectual superiority of our victims. But, then, why has she implanted in us a conscience which forbids us doing so; and a sentiment of justice which prevents our willing what she wills? Have we ourselves implanted it there? Can we derive anything from ourselves which is not in Nature? or develop abnormally a force which rises up against hers? Why in us, and nowhere else these two irreconcilable tendencies, which alternately get the better of each other, but never cease to struggle in any man?

This leads to a most illuminating discussion of what is called evolutionary ethics, and the strange phenomenon of men endeavouring to justify their injustice, and when they could not find pretext, excuse, or sanction for it in human sense of justice, they were formerly driven to invoke a law superior to their own sense of justice in the will of the gods. Now the case is more dangerous, since men invoke a law or at least a custom of nature more real, more incontestable, and more universal than the will of an ephemeral and local god. Is force or justice going to win the day, or does force contain an unknown kind of justice in which our human justice is merged? To be able to give an answer one ought not to be oneself a part of the

mystery that is to be explained; one should be able to contemplate it from the height of another world, and to know the aim of the universe and the destinies of humanity. Meantime, if we consider nature right, we must hold this instinct of justice wrong which she has implanted in us, and which, consequently, is nature also. That is true enough, says Maeterlinck, but it is also true that it is one of the oldest and vainest of human habits to desire to fit the world into a syllogism. Nature seems to have no justice in relation to us, but we are completely in the dark as to whether she may be just in relation to herself. It does not follow that ours is the only kind of morality, because nature does not concern herself with the morality of our actions. Grant that nature takes no account of our good or evil intentions, but do not conclude that she is devoid of all morality and equity; that would be to implicitly affirm that there are no secrets, no mysteries, and that we know the laws, the origin, and the end of the universe. We have no right to imitate anyone who appears to be doing an iniquitous and cruel thing, so long as we do not know exactly the reasons, perhaps profound and salutary, why he does it. And what is justice looked at from a higher standpoint? Is its centre necessarily the intention? May there not be regions where intention no longer is taken into account? Nature may do through centuries an evil which she has centuries to repair. But we who only live for a few days, we have no title to imitate what we cannot embrace in our gaze, follow, or comprehend. If we say that nature is not just, we must not forget that she is logical, and, though we should resolve to become unjust, it would be very difficult to succeed in being so, for we should have to be logical, and how is logic distinguishable from justice when it comes into contact with our thoughts, feelings, passions, and intentions. If our morality is not proportioned to the enormousness of the universe and to its destinies, it does not warrant our abandoning it, for it is proportioned to our stature and to our restricted destinies, and, granting that nature is incontestably unjust, the other question remains entire, may man follow nature in her injustice? And, at all events, it is in us that is found the active and habitual region of the great mystery of justice.

I cannot, without taking up an inordinate length of time, pursue the intensely interesting discussion of Maeterlinck from this point, which shortly involves the great questions of social justice, an ideal justice, and a society in which ideal justice may be supposed to have been attained. It is not mysticism brooding, but mysticism vigorously thinking, and it seems to me far superior to the merely percipient or brooding type.

The conclusion of the whole matter may be regarded as stated in these words:—"It is certain that at the centre of the moral life of each one of us there is an image of this invisible and incorruptible justice which we have vainly sought for in heaven, in the universe, and in humanity." Throughout this essay we are made to feel that justice, while being profoundly real, is also profoundly human. It is regarded as the deepest and subtlest human mystery, till one wonders whether the



passionate desire to avoid seeking justice where it cannot be has not led Maeterlinck by a quite justifiable enough enthusiasm, on discovering its true whereabouts, to deprive it of every spark of divinity, as if it were in some way self-existent, self-determined. In "The Buried Temple," so to speak, is an awed worshipper wondering at the marvellous, invisible, hidden, intangible image of justice, yet not daring to look upon that of which it is the image. This sense of justice, deep and firm within us, becomes a meaningless mystery. It would be foolish indeed to ignore its sovereign power to determine our happiness or misery, but it seems gratuitously to create mystery to regard it as something uniquely human, and indispensable to the meaning of a human being. A man may wonder at himself in many respects, but as soon as he is awed by something that is the source of his happiness or misery he is aware of a new element in the general mystery of his personality. When mere wonder and admiration have changed to awe, he knows that he is not alone. Nor does Maeterlinck really seem to ignore this. In another essay, in which he is dwelling upon the unfathomed meaning of the unconscious, he counsels us to take every road that may lead from the experiences of our conscious life to the experiences which in some, as yet incomprehensible way, influences us from our unconscious realm. We shall ultimately succeed in tracing a path from the seen to the unseen, from man to God, and from the individual to the universe; at the end of that path lies hid the general secret of life. Such a statement, I imagine, will seem to ring true to us, for, however certain we may be about God and God's will, even to the point of saying with Cardinal Newman that we are more certain of God's existence than of our own, there is undoubtedly "a secret" which is not an open secret yet, and we await with profound solemnity the experience when awaking we shall dare to think we knew it would be so, and shall dare to say, we are satisfied with thy likeness, recognising at last the sufficient cause and reason for the awe-inspiring vision of justice which men had experienced in their souls.

I have left myself no space to deal, even in outline, with the other essays, each and all of which are of the deepest interest, but one may say that what is said in this first essay gives the key to a great deal of the wisdom unfolded in those essays. In one or two that intensely fascinating hunting-ground of the realm of the unconscious is entered into with a subtlety of method that seems not to be sent empty away. I should like, however, in conclusion, to quote just two short passages from the essay on the "Evolution of Mystery" by way of indicating with what a sober-minded mystic we have the delight to deal in Maeterlinck.

"It is the consciousness of the unknown in which we live which confers on our life a significance which it would not have if we were merely in contact with the known, or if we believed too easily that what we know is of much greater importance than what we do not as yet know. What is the general conception of this world for the most part, when considered closely, but a general conception of the unknown?"

"Men are not great or sublime because they think without ceasing of the unknowable and the infinite. The thought of the unknowable and of the infinite only becomes really salutary when it comes as the unexpected reward of the mind which has given itself up loyally and without reserve to the study of the knowable and the finite; and one shortly perceives that the difference is notable between the mystery which precedes what we do not know and that which follows what we have learnt." We are reminded of George Eliot's fine sarcasm, that "the boy who cannot do his sums has always a taste for the infinite." Maeterlinck can do his sums, can keep bees, and observe them better even than Vergil, can plead for a peasant in the vernacular, and can write the most closely woven reasoned mysticism in the most charming French. If he eclipses Emerson, he will deserve to. He was born as recently ago as 1862.

#### EASTERN UNION.

##### RE-OPENING OF BURY ST. EDMUNDS CHAPEL.

On July 25 the annual meeting of the Eastern Union was held in Churchgate-street Chapel, Bury St. Edmunds. This ancient building, which dates from 1711, has just been renovated and adapted to the needs of the present congregation. The side aisles have been partitioned off to provide classrooms, and the seating has been modernised. This and other improvements have cost about £350, of which some £200 has been raised.

Mr. W. H. SCOTT (Norwich) presided. The Rev. J. M. CONNELL (Bury) gave a welcome to the delegates, and Mrs. MOTTRAM (Norwich), who responded, expressed the good wishes of the congregations in the Union for the success of the minister and congregation at Bury. Good wishes were also expressed by the Revs. R. H. FULLER and J. M. CONNELL towards the Rev. L. TAVENER who is leaving Ipswich for, Lydgate. Mr. TAVENER, after acknowledging their kind words, presented the report of the executive committee, which was seconded by Mr. CHAS. FENTON (London) and adopted.

After referring to the removal of the energetic secretary, the Rev. A. Hall, M.A., to Newcastle, and to the loss which the union had also sustained through the resignation of the Yarmouth pulpit by the Rev. John Birks and of the Ipswich one by the Rev. Lucking Taverer, the report stated that unavailing efforts had been made to re-open the chapel at King's Lynn. It acknowledged the help generously afforded to the Union by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and paid a tribute to the quiet but persistent labours of Miss S. S. Dowson in connection with the Postal Mission, as also to the valuable services of the lay preachers. Congratulations were offered to the minister and congregation at Bury St. Edmunds on the renovation of their chapel, and to the congregation at Norwich on the appointment of their new minister, the Rev. M. Rowe.

A resolution was carried urging the trustees of King's Lynn Chapel to arrange for the sale of the building and devote the proceeds to the churches in the Union.

The Rev. R. NEWELL (Framlingham) presented the first report of the newly formed Sunday School Union of the district, and the Rev. LUCKING TAVENER read the report of the Postal Mission on behalf of the secretary, Miss S. S. Dowson. The report of the treasurer of the Union (Mr. Hamblin) showed a balance in hand of over £9.

Mrs. Mottram was appointed president for the ensuing year, Rev. J. M. Connell secretary, the other officers being re-elected.

After lunch, service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. E. ODGERS, who delivered an eloquent and interesting sermon on passing forms and the permanent realities of religion.

In the evening Dr. BLAKE ODGERS, K.C., presiding over a public meeting, said that he was glad to assist at the new start of that ancient congregation. The trustees felt that the minister, the Rev. J. M. Connell, held the full confidence of the members, and therefore they had incurred the serious expenses connected with the renovation of the fabric. He heartily congratulated them on the great improvements visible, and hoped the congregation would in every way support the good work of Mr. and Mrs. Connell. The Revs. L. TAVENER, R. H. FULLER, R. NEWELL, and Mr. A. M. STEVENS also spoke.

Mr. CHAS. FENTON (hon. sec. to the trustees) said great sympathy should be shown towards Nonconformist ministers. They had very scant encouragement and very scanty pay, but they had held the torch of civil and religious liberty aloft in East Anglia in a way which should secure for them the best wishes of everybody who knew anything of their work. A religious element always seemed to have attached itself to East Anglia from the very earliest times in a way that it had not done in other parts of the country, and they had a history which should encourage them. Their chapel represented the religious "open door," and he hoped many people who were not in the habit of attending any church would come there.

A vote of thanks was given to all who had contributed to the day's success. This was acknowledged by the Rev. Dr. EDWIN ODGERS, and the meeting then ended.

#### THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

##### HALF THROUGH THE SEASON.

FRIENDS of the Mission will be interested in the statistics which are given at the foot of the week's notes. It is now possible to compare the meetings with those of the previous seasons, and to take heart of grace from the success which has so far attended the present effort. Fortunately, the weather during almost the whole period has been glorious, and that has had an immense effect upon the attendances. Last year, for the first few weeks, storms and cold were common, and there were times, as in Scotland, when as many as five consecutive nights would pass without a meeting being possible. As the month passed on the conditions improved, and the close of the season was all that could be desired. The meetings of the last few weeks were as good as those of the present season, and it may thus happen, in case of a serious change in the weather that the



splendid record so far secured may be greatly reduced. Appearances, however, indicate that the most sanguine hopes regarding the season will be fulfilled. One other important factor in accounting for the greatly improved results of the season is the wider experience of many of the missionaries. The effect of this in many instances has been most marked. Especially has it prevented those aspects of controversy asserting themselves, which are often forced upon the inexperienced missionary, however anxious he may be to avoid them. Especially, also, does it enable the speaker to give more telling emphasis to those positive truths which the Mission seeks to enforce. The greater power in dealing with an audience, too, secures a closer hearing and a larger crowd. In the first year, with one van, 139 meetings were held in 163 days, the attendances numbering 24,500, and giving an average of 176 per meeting. Last year four vans were at work for about 150 days, the attendances for 432 meetings were 122,000, and the average rose to 290. Half the present season has now passed; 259 meetings have been held, with just 104,000 people in attendance, and an average of 401. The vans in South Wales and Scotland have done even better than these figures suggest. In the former district many huge meetings have been held, the numbers far exceeding the official return. This, of course, is so in practically every district, but there have been occasions in which the figures could safely have been doubled if another method of computation had been adopted. Here the average rises as high as 534, and in Scotland, where Rev. E. T. Russell has so far done the work single-handed, the returns show an average of 460. The excess in these districts has to be counterbalanced by a reduction in the English districts, but even here the Midland van has done better than last year with an average of 334; and only the London Mission has given any occasion for disappointment, where the attendance works out at precisely the figure of last year's average of 290. Most gratifying of all are the reports which have come in from Missioners as to fields which are ready for further work. Many instances of individual helpfulness are recorded; literature has been sold in larger quantities than before, the tracts and leaflets have been eagerly taken, and opposition has been practically confined to the Plymouth Brethren, whose persistence is in strange contrast with that breaking of barriers and universalising of the Kingdom of God which, according to the "Daily Mail Year Book of the Churches," is their distinguishing characteristic.

The suggestions for continued efforts ought to be carried out, but this will depend very largely upon the response which is made for funds for the work of the Mission. The increase that was looked for is not, so far, forthcoming, and it is hoped that all who sympathise with the van work will not consider that it is all right financially without their assistance, but will strengthen our hands immediately. The more thoroughly the work is done, unfortunately the larger the funds which are required. When, however, it is realised that the cost of the Mission, including all maintenance, salaries, and literature, runs

out at only about a penny per head for those who attend the meetings it is hoped that there will be a quick response to the appeal for assistance, if only on the ground of its economy as compared with the good which it is believed to be doing. So far the Mission has been conducted without any organised appeal for funds. The gifts have come mainly through the occasional reminders which the courtesy of the editors of our papers has permitted in their columns, and it is our desire to preserve that spontaneous aspect of the work. Only there is immediate need for funds if the season is to go through without a deficit. The membership of the Van League, also, is far from being complete, and we hope to hear from all who have signed the Visitors' Books in due time, that they are willing to come in.

**LONDON DISTRICT** (Lay-missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The closing meetings at Kew Bridge, Brentford, were in marked contrast with those held earlier in the week at a less favourable site. The Rev. F. Summers reports his audience as friendly, with the exception of a Plymouth brother, who was present opposing nearly every night. On the 23rd the Mission arrived at Acton, where a vigorous young church is growing up under the able ministry of the Rev. A. Hurn. The town, however, is deficient in good sites for open air meetings, the best position being too noisy and occupied by cabs. The local friends helped well, and were present each evening, but the reports do not speak of any particular success. The speakers agree as to the poorness of the pitch, and they suffered through not being able to get into closer touch with the passers by, of whom there were many. One evening, indeed, the lay missionary, taking up a position near the main thoroughfare, while the meeting was held farther down the road, gave out over 700 Van Pages to the passers by, many of whom were hurrying to the Stadium for the great races. The meetings were conducted in the main by the Rev. A. Hurn, the minister, who was assisted on different evenings by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Mr. Jackson, and by the lay missionary, who one evening delivered the main address. This week end the van is at Ealing, and moves on August 6 to Hanwell.

**MIDLAND DISTRICT** (Lay-missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—A halt of three days was made at Bridgnorth before the van came into Kidderminster, and some fairly good meetings were held in this centre of Church influence, by the Revs. R. S. Redfern and W. G. Topping. There were fluctuating audiences, but a fair proportion who stayed throughout the proceedings, and gave close attention. The lay missionary felt that ground was being gained, and would have stayed longer had he not been due at Kidderminster on the 23rd. Here it was found that considerable preparations had been made, and a series of successful meetings was held. The Missioner, the Rev. J. Shaw Brown, had to return home for congregational duties before his week was completed, but helpers were found to take his place on the last few evenings. The Rev. J. E. Stronge presided, and the church choir under Miss Badland were present. The Revs. C. D. Badland and H. E. Perry also took part in addition to others who will be mentioned in next week's notes.

This week end the van is at the Lye, and afterwards has work to do at Brierley Hill.

**SOUTH WALES DISTRICT** (Lay-missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—The Rev. D. G. Rees concluded a fortnight's missioning with meetings at Gowerton and Gorseinon. He has done admirable work for us, and everywhere has won the sympathies of audiences who at the outset showed signs of hostility. Lively times especially were expected at Gorseinon, and the Revivalists held a counter meeting, but the greatest orderliness prevailed, and the addresses were appreciated. The next pitch was at Morriston, when the Rev. J. Barron was the missionary. Two meetings were held and the van was then moved to Clydach on Tawe, where on the Sunday evening a very large audience assembled, and in addition to that of Mr. Barron an address was also delivered by the Rev. T. A. Thomas. The Rev. Alva Richards was also present, but did not speak in the town where his earlier orthodox associations have caused him to be regarded as a renegade. A service for the young was held on Sunday afternoon, and altogether the week's work must be looked upon as successful. Briton Ferry receives a visit this week-end, and the van then makes for Neath.

#### DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

**LONDON DISTRICT.**—Brentford, July 20 to 22, three meetings, attendance 1,400; Acton, July 23 to 26, four meetings, 580.

**MIDLAND DISTRICT.**—Bridgnorth, July 19 to 22, three meetings, attendance 565; Kidderminster, July 23 to 26, four meetings, 1,450.

**SCOTLAND.**—Camelon, July 20 to 23, four meetings, attendance 1,900; Grangemouth, July 24 to 26, three meetings, 1,100.

**SOUTH WALES.**—Gowerton, July 20, attendance 500; Gorseinon, July 21 to 22, two meetings, 1,000; Morriston, July 23 and 24, two meetings, 350; Clydach on Tawe, July 25 and 26, two meetings 900.

**TOTALS.**—July 20 to 26, 28 meetings, attendance 9,695, average 346.

**GRAND TOTALS.**—(For the half season) May 14 to July 26, 75 days, 259 meetings, attendance 103,995, average 401. Last year's average 290.

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**SCOTTISH VAN.**—My Camelon meetings were a thorough success, though not so largely attended as those I held at Falkirk Cross, Camelon being a much smaller place. I had eight meetings, and each night the interest and numbers grew. At my first meeting on Thursday, July 16, I had 250; at my last meeting, Thursday, July 23, I had 500 people present. We came to Grangemouth on Friday, July 24, and had a very good meeting for the first night, especially as I had spent no money on advertisements. On Saturday it rained hard, but I decided to take out my van if only to let the few passers-by see it. About eight o'clock, the rain stopped and I soon had an audience of three hundred. Last Sunday night, I spoke to four hundred or more men. My place of meeting here is Charing Cross in the New Town, a most respectable



place; but I mean, if possible, to hold one or more meetings in the Old Town, where the poorer people live. How long I shall remain at Grangemouth I cannot say, but I am in no hurry to move. Unitarianism is quite new to my hearers. When I leave here I shall go to Stenhouse-muir.

E. T. RUSSELL.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

**Hastings.**—On Wednesday, July 22, in perfect summer weather, a party of forty-five from the church and choir had a pleasant trip to the ancient town of Winchelsea. After a look at the historic old church, tea was partaken of in one of the quaint houses near. In the evening a visit was made to a curious crypt, formerly belonging to a religious house but now used as a store. After exploring the town, several walked across Romney Marsh to the ruins of Camber Castle, once a fortress of Henry VIII.

**Ilkeston.**—The young people's anniversary services were held on Sunday, July 19. Two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. T. J. Jenkins, of Hinckley. Good congregations. Solos by Miss Ida Bray, of Nottingham, and Mr. Arthur Quinton.

**Ipswich.**—Sermons were preached by Rev. L. Taverer on Sunday, July 26, he having accepted a call to Lydgate, Huddersfield, very much to the sorrow of his congregation. The sermons were deeply impressive and mainly retrospective, being a summary of the teaching which the preacher has endeavoured to uphold during his 7½ years' ministry, viz., that God is Love, and its correlative, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. Mr. Taverer has won the hearts of all classes, and was a great favourite at the literary classes, art societies or Labour associations. The congregation presented him with a purse of gold, and he was the recipient of a set of Swinburne's poems from the literary class and various other presents from the Young Men's class and personal friends.

### Leicester, Great Meeting: Appointment.

—The Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A., of Clifton, has received and accepted an invitation to the pulpit in succession to the Rev. A. Hermann Thomas, M.A.

**London: Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel.**—The annual flower show and industrial exhibition was held on July 21 and 22. The exhibits, consisting of needlework, fancy work, cookery, woodwork, drawing, pianoforte playing, &c., numbered about 80, and gave evidence of great skill on the part of the scholars. Displays of wand drill and Indian clubs were given by the girls, and part songs by the choir under the direction of Miss Francis. The report of the judges (Mrs. H. Ballantyne, of Norwood, and Mrs. James Forrest, of Glasgow) bore witness to the care and industry shown in the needlework sections, whilst Mr. Anderson (Mr. F. Nettlefold's agent) spoke highly of the plants brought for exhibition. The prizes were distributed on the second evening by Mrs. Cressey, of Brixton, who gave an address to the scholars encouraging them in their endeavours to produce beautiful and useful things. The success which attended the exhibition is largely due to the efforts of the energetic hon. secretaries, Misses J. S. Fry and E. Pleace.

**London: Islington.**—The fifteenth annual flower show in connection with Unity Church Sunday-school was held in perfect weather on Saturday evening, July 25, by the kind invitation of the Misses and Mr. Benford Hall, in the beautiful garden of 19, Aberdeen Park. The exhibits numbered 113, and were very creditable to the competitors. An open-air concert was given, which included some brisk Maypole dances, merrily executed by the children in blue and pink smocks. The Maypole was kindly lent by Bell-street friends, through the instrumentality of Miss Violet Preston, who was present, and superintended some of the dances. A few part-songs and a very graceful action waltz-song, entitled "Flowery Garlands," were admirably rendered by the young people, under the direction of Miss Harris. An excellent address on "Consider the flowers how they grow" was given by Mr. Elliott, of Highgate Church, followed by a few words from the Rev. E. Savell

Hicks, and presentation of the prizes by Mrs. Sydney Titford. Votes of thanks, proposed by Mr. J. T. Mackey, seconded by Mr. Alfred Wilson, and carried by acclamation, brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

**Tavistock.**—The Abbey Chapel Sunday-school anniversary services (says the *Tavistock Gazette*) were held on 19th inst., the chapel being beautifully decorated. Special hymns for the occasion were very heartily sung. Able sermons were preached by Rev. E. Rattenbury Hodges, the newly appointed minister. There were good congregations, that in the evening being specially large. On the following Wednesday the annual outing took place. The journey was made to Chillaton. A brass band and sports, and also tea, were provided.

**Wolverhampton.**—On July 26 Sunday-school sermons were preached in the above church by the minister, the Rev. J. A. Shaw, M.A. Special hymns and anthems were sung by the children and choir. Unusually large congregations attended, and several visitors from Newchurch, in Rossendale, were heartily welcomed. The collections amounted to £5—a sum much in advance of any special day's collections for many years past.

**Yorkshire Unitarian Ministers.**—At the quarterly meeting of the Yorkshire Unitarian Ministers' Union, held at Mill Hill, Leeds, on Tuesday last (28th), each minister attending was presented with a copy of the volume of sermons "Where the Light Dwelleth," by Dr. Robert Collyer, with memoir by Rev. Charles Hargrove, M.A. The volume was the gift of the People's Trustees through the Rev. Charles Hargrove. After the committee meeting of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union in the afternoon the ministers were entertained to tea, &c., by Rev. and Mrs. Verity at their home at High Bank, The Drive, Roundhay. A delightful evening was spent, and the gratitude of all the ministers secured by Mr. and Mrs. Verity for this added recognition of their position and work. Rev. C. Hargrove presided, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed.

## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

### SUNDAY, August 2.

#### LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.  
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. W. PIGGOTT.  
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.  
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road. Services suspended during August.  
Deptford, Church-street, 6.30, Mr. SEYMOUR MARKS. No morning service.  
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. N. CROSS, M.A.  
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30. Closed for cleaning.  
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7.  
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.  
Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.

Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No morning service during August; 7, Rev. F. H. JONES, B.A.  
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, AMHERST D. TYSSEN; 7, A. H. SINGLETON.  
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.  
Little Portland-street Chapel. Closed.  
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.  
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Mr. A. E. CARLIER; 6.30, Mr. A. J. CLARKE.  
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.  
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.  
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7.  
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7.  
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. EDGAR NOEL; 6.30, Mr. PENWARDEN.  
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11, Mr. H. B. LAWFOED, B.A.; 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.  
Wimbledon, Smaller Worples Hall. Closed until August 30.  
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWITH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30.  
BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.  
BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.  
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.  
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COX.  
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.  
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.  
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel. Closed for alterations.  
DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.  
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. ARTHUR GINEVER, B.A.  
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. V. CROOK, of Cork.  
FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.  
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.  
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.  
HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. W. MELLOR. "Not Destruction but Fulfilment."  
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. HERBERT McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.  
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.  
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth. Closed until August 9.  
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. L. SMITH.  
LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGEES, B.A.  
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.  
NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. PARRY.

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NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30.  
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.  
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., L.L.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. E. MANNING, M.A.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road. Closed during August.  
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.  
 WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

## GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse. 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

## DEATH.

MURRAY.—On July 23, at 9, Barclay-terrace Edinburgh, Emmeline Barbour Fuller widow of Rev. John Murray, of Ilminster, Somerset.

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